

The Washington Times

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Trying to Take the Water Wagon Away From Bryan

Statesmen Will Find That This Wagon, Like Other Inventions of Bryan's, Will Stop Just Short of the White House Gate.

For quite a few years the much beloved Colonel Bryan has been going from Nebraska to the White House. He pranced on his silver pony, little Sixteentone. The pony fell down, scratched both his knees, and couldn't gallop any more.

Lately Colonel Bryan, in magnificent solitude, has been driving the water wagon, and has been singing all by himself, "The lips that touch wine shall never touch mine—only grape juice."

Now he is held up, attacked, and bothered, as the brilliant Mr. Powers shows you in his picture, in a most unseemly way.

Distinguished Senators who wouldn't know grape juice from raspberry vinegar, but could easily tell the difference between rye and bourbon, want to climb on that water wagon and drive.

Real prohibitionists, half-way prohibitionists, and fake prohibitionists are all disturbing poor Mr. Bryan, saying, "Let me drive it, Bill; I know how. I'm the water wagon boy."

It's sad to see Mr. Bryan thus disturbed on his way to the White House—particularly as he wasn't going to get there, anyhow.

It is enlightening to see distinguished Senators, many of whom know that absolute prohibition means whiskey, alcohol, and drugs, trying to steal the water wagon from their dear friend Bryan.

We can tell them all this: The public likes sincerity—the real prohibitionist, the man who advocates sane and possible temperance, or any other kind of sincere man.

People dislike the faker, the hypocrite, the man who will take a ride on any wagon that will carry him his way.

The country will never elect a prohibitionist, or a vegetarian President of the United States. For the people are not hypocrites or dreamers, and do not start out to do the impossible.

These Senators who know better and who are trying to snatch the prohibition wagon from Mr. Bryan, are doomed to disappointment.

You will become President, Mr. Statesman, if you convince the people of the United States that you are fit to be President.

And you won't convince them that you are fit to be President by announcing that you are perfectly willing to do all you can to take from the workingman the light wine and the light beer that mean temperance, and force on him the whiskey and the drugs that mean destruction.

When We Begin Using Land Under the Oceans

Big Work Ahead for Man, Kind Friends.

There is a great deal of water on this earth of ours, and a great deal of land underneath it.

All the treasures of these hidden plains are simply put away for our future use by bountiful nature, as prudent parents put money in the savings bank for their young ones.

Already in Chile they are mining coal under the bed of the Pacific Ocean, and the traveler may ride on electric cars through solid tunnels of coal beneath the waters of the great-ocean.

The tin mines in Wales extend far out beneath the sea. Workers in the Calumet and Hecla mines work beneath the waters of Lake Superior.

Oil wells are worked out beyond the edge of the Pacific Ocean. You may see oil derricks just off Santa Barbara's surf.

In the bay of San Francisco artesian wells, going through the preliminary depths of salt water, bring the water of fresh submarine springs to the surface.

But these little enterprises are but faint beginnings of the great work that man has to do in exploiting the wealth beneath the waters covering two-thirds of the earth's surface.

This earth will be quite a romantic abode when sub-oceanic exploitation reaches full development, when the great gold mines beneath the waters are indicated simply by latitude and longitude.

Mars, with his huge canals distributing a planet's waters scientifically, will be matched perhaps by our network of tunnels under the water from here to Asia, and by our boring, with the aid of cooling mediums, toward the earth's center and bringing up metals in a molten state.

Before he finishes with her, man will make old earth know that he is at work "in her midst." He will make the harnessing of a tiny Niagara or the boring of a poor little isthmus seem feeble efforts.

Man's Willingness to Work

What a fortunate thing it is that men want to work and like to live! Suppose for a moment that the out-of-work, hungry, unlucky creatures, numbering one hundred thousand in New York city, should suddenly change their character.

It is a harmless supposition, as it implies that a great body of good, though unlucky, men should be suddenly

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A Rollicking Ride Toward the White House



Colonel Bryan was driving this pretty wagon all alone quite peacefully—then see what happened. (See Editorial)

The Central Powers and the Peace Proposals - - - By Raemaekers



Louis Raemaekers.

Hurrah for the Pope, Lads! We only have quietly to leave the places we have ransacked.

The Way to Get Cheaper Electric Light

If the People of Washington Could Vote, They Would Not Tolerate Delays, But Invoke Government Ownership.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

If the people of Washington needed an example of what the possession of the ballot could do to make the cost of living cheaper, they have it in the legal tangle that has arisen over the reduction of electric light rates. The Public Utilities Commission wisely decides that an 8-cent rate is reasonable and equitable. The Potomac Electric Power Company employs an array of counsel and secures an injunction. Justice Gould recognizes it — on what ground it doesn't much matter, for there is enough technicality in any law on which to grant an injunction. But the people in any event do not get the lower electric light rates to which they are entitled.

What is the remedy for such a situation? There is only one way to get electric light at reasonable rates—Government ownership. Particularly is this true in Washington. If the properties of the electric light company were purchased by the government of the District at a price to be fixed by competent appraisers, the people of this city would get 8-cent electricity, and possibly less. It

must not be forgotten that Baltimore pays 8 cents, and that 10-cent electricity is the exception rather than the rule in large Eastern cities.

Reasonable rates would follow government ownership, because the District government does not have to make a profit. It has no subsidiary corporations to support, no street railway companies to which it must furnish power at low rates. It must pay no fancy salaries. It has simply the obligation of serving the community at cost.

Can there be any doubt after the legal controversy into which the electric light rate reduction has been thrust that the people of Washington could apply the cure promptly if they had the ballot? For years the residents of this city have paid higher for electric light than they should have been required to pay. After a long fight, a Public Utilities Commission was created. After three years of hard work it renders a decision. Because the people of the District have no one in Congress to speak for them, because they themselves are at present legally powerless to remove the technical grounds on which Justice Gould's decision is based, they must go on paying high electric light rates. But it is urged provision has been made for the return to the consumer of such excess as he now pays if eventually the rates fixed by the Public Utilities Commission are adjudged fair. This may mean at the end of a year or two of further wrangling in the courts. But the time when the benefit of the reduction ought to be enjoyed is now, when the cost of living is extraordinary.

The District Commission will, of course, continue the fight in the courts in the hope of securing a reversal of Justice Gould's decision in the Supreme Court of the United States. Regret over the effect of the justice's course is natural, but it should be turned into effective organization for suffrage in the District, because when once the people are able to control their own affairs, they will recover possession of their own public utilities.

Man's Willingness to Work

(Continued from First Column.)

metamorphosed. But suppose, for instance, that one hundred thousand men should have a meeting and say:

"The State provides food, lodging, and good care for every thief. It does not provide anything for us. Let us, therefore, accept the situation like philosophers and become thieves."

Suppose the hundred thousand men thereupon, very quietly, without any show of violence, should each proceed to steal something and then announce the intention to accept the consequence by pleading guilty. It would embarrass the State and the reigning powers, would it not?

What could society do with a hundred thousand self-confessed thieves to take care of? It could not lock them up. It could not let them go. It could not nominally sentence them and have the governor pardon them, because the hundred thousand would then proceed to steal something else.

What could be done? Nothing. There is no punishment save imprisonment for theft, and the wholesale thieves would ask for and demand imprisonment with the usual rations.

We think society is well balanced and that everything is ingeniously provided for.

So it is; but everything hinges on the extraordinary fact that the hungry, thin, common, shiftless, luckless man at the very bottom is still a man. He will not be a thief, and he will die of hunger and cold, as poor fellows do almost every winter day, rather than take the food that society guarantees to the thief.

We attribute much to our own wisdom and the wisdom of our laws. But we owe almost everything to the instinct of self-preservation and to that second, very peculiar, instinct called pride.